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ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO MISS JULIA M.^{M.}

Julia—thy flowers are faded,
Yet fragrant as when new—
When first thy fair hand braided
Gave them to my view;
Fresh were they, and untainted
As the sweet bloom that glows
On thy young cheek, when painted
By a virgin feeling hand.

And beauty, too, is fleeting—
Assuming' e'erly hour,
When down, the darkness meeting,
Smiles on the opening flower;
Its morning sun is ended,
At noon tide hour it dies—
With age and wrinkles blighted,
It then neglected lies.

But mind and virtue flourish—
Whilst transient beauty flies;
Nor need its power to nourish
Affection's strength lies—
Like the sea flowers thy fingers
Pluck'd for me in their bloom,
A fragrance ever lingers
Round virtue's early tomb.

Yet Friendship always delighted
Round Beauty's verdant bower,
When virtue's charms united
Twine with her blooming flowers;
Then take the pledge sweet Maiden,
Offer'd at Friendship's shrine;
With fragrance 'tis not laden
So sweet or pure as thine.

WILFRID.

FLIGHTS OF FANCY—No. 2.

THE BRIDAL WREATH.

The bridal wreath, which beauty wove,
Bloom'd yesterday upon her brow;
Its flowers were the gift of love.
But ah! where are those flowers now?
The wreath is gone—its bloom has fled,
And rose and lily, both are dead.

And where's the bride who wore the wreath,
Far lovelier than a flower yet;
No wild rose of the scented heath,
In beauty could with her compare;
Oh! lead me to the fair divine
And let me kneel at beauty's shrine.

But ah! within the bridal-hall,
Now and o'er that of grief was made,
Where plumes reign'd, the sombre pall
Was seen o'er beauty's features laid;
The bridegroom in affection weeps,
For she he loved forever sleeps.

Fair flower thou art withered too,
So won to lose why thou givest love,
Tis like thy wreath, thy loveliness
Has fled with all its sweets to heaven;
That voice, whose song the heart could thrill,
No more is heard, for e'er 'tis still.

Fusile emblem! now in joys above,
With cherubins in songs uniting,
In realms of bliss in holy love,
Now live delighted, and delighting;
Oh! thou wert fair—and fond to bleed,
But heaven now doth thee pax.

That eye which beam'd with lustre bright,
Is closed upon death's eternal sleep;
That hand which swept the chords so light,
Is at rest, and those that lov'd her weep;
For thou wert fond to win each heart,
Which breaks when doom'd from thee to part?

Thus sang the lover! Still with grief
He sank upon his bride's cold breast,
When death, who ever gives relief,
Afforded him his peaceful rest!
Together in one grave they sleep,
While strangers at their story weep.

The faded flowers of the wreath,
Young virgins o'er their cold grave strew,
While years from the verdant heath,
The grateful tribute they renew;
And while they deck the lowly bed,
Food train are to their men's shed.

SELM.

TO MISS

O! many sweet flowers there are,
Dear girl, in this valley of tears;
But thou art the loveliest far,
For love in thy bright eye appears.

O! would that it were in the heart,
And cheer'd with fervour for me;
'Twould serve as a balm for the smart,
Inflicted by glances from thee.

But, dearest, I will not despair,
But hope I may happier prove;
For sure, from a bosom so fair,
There emanates nothing but love.

CYRUS.

TO MISS M. S. K.

On the death of an aged relative.

Dear girl, why shouldst thou longer mourn
For one who now has gone to rest;
Who long enough 'twas his home,
And left to dwell among the blest.

I saw thee stand beside the grave,
I saw the tear below thine eye;
The tender tribute nature gave,
And mark'd the heart appearing sigh.

At that dread moment when was given
The body to its native clay,
I saw thee weep, as us from heaven,
Her parted spirit seem'd to me;

Dear—me—wore no more for me,
Nor grieve, because I'm breath the sod;
My troubles there have ceased to be,
And now I dwell in peace with God.

Yet—me—beauty soon shall fade,
The bloom of youth shall leave thy cheek;
Then let thy hopes on God be staid
And thy Creator early seek.

So shall thy bark glide smooth along
The current of mortal life;
And thou find'st the rose among
The thorns of bitter hated strife,

It shall not discompose thy mind,
Nor thy serenity impair;
In thy Creator thou shalt find,
A power that will prevent despair.

Me—farewell, and live to God,
And when the time he gives to thee,
Is spent, and thou art 'neath the sod,
Thy soul shall come and be with me.

ELIAS.

THE MORALIST.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

ON CURSING AND SWEARING.

The custom of cursing and swearing, which has long prevailed, and which has risen to an alarming climax among all classes of people here, is not only indecent and unpolite, but wicked, as it takes away the reverence and awe which are due to a legal oath; and I doubt not but many persons, in a circuit of years, have forsaken themselves through the trifling value which they place on an oath. When men are countenanced by each other in using the most shocking and astounding execrations on the most frivolous occasions, and in swearing by the Deity without any provocation the solemnity and religious sense which ought to attend the act of legal swearing vanishes; and such persons as are not habituated to religious or philosophical speculations, treat the form of administering an oath with as much carelessness indifference as they would any common and familiar act.

The old and justly celebrated English dramatic Poet has, in his play called "As you like it," represented man in one of his stages of life, as Full of strange oaths.

Shakspeare has, indeed, drawn a common swearer like a savage in what follows:

—Bearded like a hawd;

Sudden and quick in quarrel.

I cannot without indignation and surprise hear men, whose birth, education, and stations in life, should raise their minds above the vulgar, utter such oaths and curses as would even disgrace the lowest horde of humanity; pluming themselves on the notion, that this makes them appear manly and terrible, while on the contrary, it renders them unmanly and contemptible.

Being in a family a few weeks ago, I heard a young girl utter expressions which border on cursing; I was surprised to hear such words from the lips of innocence, for I truly believe she said nothing from any bitterness of heart; but my wonder ceased when I heard her Mamma use the same words, and her father curse and swear without reserve—for a good wife is always ready and willing to imitate a fond and an affectionate husband, and a dutiful child thinks she can do nothing better than follow the example of a kind, indulgent father and mother.

Dr. Young has drawn a character of a young lady who was above the reserve, in her conversation, which is peculiar to her sex.

Thalidra triumphs in a many men,

Loud is her accent, and her phrase obscure,
In fair and open dealing where's the shame?

What nature dares to give she dares to name;

And now and then, to grace her eloquence,

An oath supplies the razzmatazz of sense.

Such as see the hideous deformity of a character like this, will strive to merit a more amiable and beautiful one.

PHIL-O-WAYNE.

Philadelphia, Nov. 1, 1824.

eloquence of SHERLOCK.

Bishop Sherlock, in one of his sermons, has the following elegant passage, which is quoted by Mr. Blair, in his lectures on rhetoric and belles lettres, as a remarkable fine example of the figure of personification. The author is comparing our Saviour with Mahomet:—

"Go (says he) to your natural religion, lay before her, Mahomet and his disciples arrayed in armour and blood, riding in triumph over the spoils of thousands who fell by his victorious sword.—Show her the cities which he set in flames, the countries which he ravaged and destroyed, the miserable distress of all the inhabitants of the earth. When she has reviewed them in this scene carry her into his retirement—show her the prophets chamber; his concubines and his wives; and let him hear him allege revelation and a divine commission, to justify his adultery and lust. When she is tired of this prospect, then show her the blessed Jesus, humble, meek, doing good to the sons of men. Let her see him in the most retorted privacies, and let her follow him to the mount and hear his devotion and supplications. Carry her to his table, to view his poor fare, and hear his heavenly discourse. Let her attend him to the tribunal, and consider the patience with which he endured the scoffs and reproaches of his enemies. Lead her to his cross; let her view him in the agony of death, and hear his last prayer for his persecutors: *Father forgive them; for they know not what they do.* When Natural Religion has thus viewed both, ask her which is the prophet of God? But her answer we have already had, when she saw part of this scene through the eyes of the centurion, who attended at the cross. By him she spoke, and said, 'Truly this man was the Son of God.'

On such a momentous occasion as a grand hunt, it is not a matter of wonder that every Citz who could beg, borrow, or hire a nag, should be in

haste to horse away to the Forest of Epping. The stage and hackney coaches were all 'full, and a great many little Donkeys were seen scrambling along the strand, under the weight of carts filled with women and children, who were on the very tip-toe of eagerness to see the *Unt*. The whole scene was ludicrous enough, but to the Jockey and the man of the Turf, the chase was the source of infinite mirth. It is said that the scoundrel stag escaped though his doughty pursuers, and that he carries his white face and long antlers proudly to this day. The busy tongue of scandal whispered at Tattersall's, that at least the money of these bold riders were unearned before the chase had fairly commenced. Be this as it may, certain it is, that many of them returned after the shades of evening had begun to close around the metropolis, to be screened in some measure from the biting taunts and jeats of their neighbours, who had seen them ruffing it off so gallantly in the morning with an envious eye, and would be vastly pleased to see them returning on foot, well be-grimed with mud, and with not a few unsightly rents in their garments.

On that day, too, a grand procession of the Blue Coat Boys was to take place, and I posted myself within the multitude, at that corner of St. Paul's Church Yard which looks into Cheapside.—The procession was to proceed from the Mansion House to Christ Church, attended by a band of music; the Sheriffs of the neighbouring Districts in splendid carriages, with footmen in gaudy liveries, and the Lord Mayor in his magnificent carriage, which is so large, so bedecked with gold, drawn by so many horses, gorgeously caparisoned, that at first sight, it might be mistaken for the King's State Coach. Soon after I had taken my stand among the crowd, I found it was neither the Mayor, nor the Mayor's carriage, nor the Sheriff's, nor the Blue Coat Boys, nor the Band, that formed the principal object of curiosity, particularly among the female part of my fellow gazer—but, their great anxiety appeared to be, to get a peep at the *Lady Mayor-ess*, who, as I learned from their conversation, was to appear in full dress, with her hair adorned with three large, nodding, ostrich feathers. After a long delay, the procession approached, the band passed, then the Blue Coat Boys two and two, and arm in arm; and then came the Lord Mayor's carriage—it's appearance excited a simultaneous cry of "here she comes! here she comes!" But, alas! by a sudden start, the horses turned the carriage quickly round the corner, throwing its back unexpectedly towards us, and denying to hundreds the sight

tender sensibilities of the soul. In this we may concede to Mr. Summerfield, the praise of perfection. Virtue and religion are depicted in colours so vivid, and in attitude so imposing, that they appear to the hearer, never before to have produced their proper and specific impression; vice and immorality are stripped of their alluring and meretricious ornaments, and their intrinsic deformity, from which the contemplation is made to turn with abhorrence, set forth in view.ounding his discourse upon the stedfast rock of scriptural testimony, the superstructure is confirmed by the perfect adaptation of its parts, and perfected by the elegance of ornamental decoration. His style is often marked by the lofty flights of an exursive imagination, yet they are well sustained, and he returns by just gradations to the general tenor of his course. His similes, are well adapted to the dignity of his subject, and claim the praise of skilful appropriation. They are of a kind the most impressive, being chiefly drawn from the existence of the most striking objects of the surrounding material creation; sin is compared to the "weight of mountains," the displeasure of omnipotence to the threatening gloom of a lowering sky, and his voice to the sound of the rolling thunder—the saviour of men descends "from the bright portals of the sky." Righteousness was an expansive river, which fertilised with innumerable ramifications—His voice, though deficient in vigor, yet possesses sufficient harmony and volume, and derives a peculiar and impressive effect, from that necessary variety of modulation which corresponds to the stress of emphatical sentences. His gesture is graceful, and imparts a peculiar and forceful expression to his sentences; especially when they rise into a particular importance of emphasis, or where they subside into the more placid solemnity of dictation. To the departure of Mr. Summerfield, we look forward with feelings of regret. But, though distance may interest, yet the recollection of his sincere piety, and active benevolence, shall retain him present in memory, though the steady and unceasing march of time may exert its obliterating influence; his eloquent and impressive strain, shall linger upon the ear, and excite a lasting and vivid sense of his remembrance. W.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

AN EASTER MONDAY IN LONDON.

It was a charming day, the shops were closed, the chimneys of the manufactories emitted none of those columns of black smoke which commonly hang like heavy clouds over the city, and for once the sun was able "to dispel the fog of London."

The whole place was in a bustle, and every one was clad in his Sunday clothes, and wore a smiling holy-day face. Westminister and the Borough were busy, but loud was the chattering of men and women, the whooping and ballooning of children, the rattling of chaises and hackney coaches, and the prancing of horses in the city. It was Easter Monday—and time out of mind, the Kings had granted the privilege of hunting a white-faced stag, in the Royal Forest of Epping, to the Cockneys, or such of the good people of London, as were born within hearing of the famous Bow-Bells, which have been immortalized by the "History of Dick Whittington and his Cat."

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haste to horse away to the Forest of Epping. The stage and hackney coaches were all 'full, and a great many little Donkeys were seen scrambling along the strand, under the weight of carts filled with women and children, who were on the very tip-toe of eagerness to see the *Unt*. The whole scene was ludicrous enough, but to the Jockey and the man of the Turf, the chase was the source of infinite mirth. It is said that the scoundrel stag escaped though his doughty pursuers, and that he carries his white face and long antlers proudly to this day. The busy tongue of scandal whispered at Tattersall's, that at least the money of these bold riders were unearned before the chase had fairly commenced. Be this as it may, certain it is, that many of them returned after the shades of evening had begun to close around the metropolis, to be screened in some measure from the biting taunts and jeats of their neighbours, who had seen them ruffing it off so gallantly in the morning with an envious eye, and would be vastly pleased to see them returning on foot, well be-grimed with mud, and with not a few unsightly rents in their garments.

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violins and sounds of a concert, he concluded that dancing was going forward in. Heated with the gaud cheer, they began enjoying, they took a fancy to make amusements which these sounds suggested, they were near. They knocked at a screen door; they asked leave to enter. They called her master, to whom these young men reported their request. "It is not for us to receive you gentlemen, (answered Charlot,) my house is not public; I amise myself with my family, and our sports are about to cease, for it is already very late." These wild young men, however, insisted, and hoping to secure their admission if they made themselves known, they belonged to the Gang, that they were from party at the Roper, and intended to finish their evening by joining the amusements of an honest and respectable family. Charlot, after making useless efforts to dissuade them from their project, found there were no other means of saving the matter than by saying—"The higher your rank, gentlemen, the less possible it is for me to receive you; you would approve of my refusal if you knew who I am." And who are you, sir?" said one of the party. "Gentlemen do not inquire upon it? I know that I am the son of Paris"—"Ah! this is strange!" cried Mr. de Lally. "Is it you, who hang, break arms, and fight?" Charlot interrupted him and said—"These are in fact my duties; but I have assistants for the active criminals. However, when a man of your rank, Sir, has the misfortune to fall, under the severity of our laws, I consider it a duty, on becoming myself to perform the decree of justice." Twenty-five years after, M. de Lally died under the hands of this same man.

MARKETS OF MEXICO.

One of the most interesting sights to an ingenuous stranger in Mexico, is a ramble early in the morning to the canal which leads to the Lake of Chalco. There, hundreds of Indian canoes, of different forms and sizes, freighted with the greatest variety of the animal and vegetable productions of the neighborhood, are constantly arriving; they are frequently navigated by native women, accompanied by their families. The finest cultivated vegetables which are produced in European gardens, with the numberless fruits of the torrid zone, of many of which even the names are not known to us, are piled up in pyramids, and decorated with the most gaudy flowers. In the front of the canoes, the Indian women, very slightly dressed, with their long glossy tresses of jet black hair flowing luxuriantly to the waist, and often with an infant fastened to their backs, push the canoes forward with long slender poles. In the centre, under cover, the remainder of the family are seated, employed in spinning cotton, or weaving it, in their simple portable looms, into narrow webs of blue and white cloth, which forms their principal clothing. Other boats are loaded with meat, fowl, turkeys, and a profusion of wild ducks, which they flock and prepare on their road to market; generally throwing the feathers which they consider of no value, into the water. Others again are freighted with Indian corn in bulk or straw, the general fuel for horses, reared like floating pyramids. Milk, butter, fruit, and young kids, are all in the greatest plenty, and what adds to the picturesque appearance of the whole, is, that nearly every canoe has a quantity of red and white poppies spread on the top of the other commodities; and, if there be a man on board, he is usually employed in strumming on a simple guitar for the amusement of the rest. The whole of this busy scene is conducted with the greatest harmony and cordiality. They land their cargoes a little to the south of the palace, near the great market; and remove their various commodities on their backs to the place where they deposit them for sale. This market is well

and all a way to his natural solitude. Then young Jackson, armed with a loaded shotgun, and so bent on his grief, and almost plunged into despair. While he bathed her sad features with his tears, did he curse the hour he cast out down to a gaming-table, and, under the idea of being the cause of her death, brought on him as a judgment for his misconduct, and often did he renew his resolution of repeating his offence again. These violent effusions of grief gradually abated, as time poured its healing balm on the wound. For some months he steadily adhered to his resolution, and happiness once more dawned in the breast of Edward. His fortune was still sufficient to excite the notice of his companions, whom, since his return, he had avoided, not excepting even Jackson, and they determined no artifice should remain unployed to allure him once more to the gaming-table. Some time elapsed before an opportunity offered. At length Jackson met and invited him one evening, as he was returning home after an interview with Caroline. With many expressions of surprise at his long absence, he invited him again to accompany him to the usual place of rendezvous. Edward refused; and his only friend, who knew every avenue to his heart, after many unavailing arguments, apparently dissuaded from his purpose, and changed the conversation, but insensibly led him to the spot. He here renewed his solicitations, but met with a pointed refusal; he then requested him to enter the house merely as a spectator of the game.—"Depend upon it, my boy," continued he, "you shall not be asked to part with your precious money." That the contemptuous tone in which this was uttered had touched the pride of Edward was evident from his reply. Jackson saw his words had produced the intended effect, and pursued his advantage, by artfully mingling with professions of friendship, sneers at the cowardice of Edward, and so worked upon his passions, that he readily consented to enter the house with him. For some time, hanging over the back of his friend's chair, he remained a mere spectator of the game. But he soon found his situation had become extremely uncomfortable, by his being made the object of the jeers and mirth of the company. Wanting courage to depart, he was compelled to bear in silence, conversation which, though carried on in whispers, was sufficiently audible, and which his changing colour declared he heard. "Who is that young miser?" said a sprightly gentleman whom he had not before seen, to one of his companions. "Ned Newton," was the answer; "but you should not call him miser, for he is not yet out of leading strings." These words were succeeded by a scornful laugh, and drew a contemptuous sneer from the whole company, whose eyes were now fixed upon Edward. "Sit down and play a game," whispered Jackson; "you are the jest of the company." The infatuated Edward, overcome by false shame, almost unconsciously complied. He soon found the tide of fortune against him, and stung by his losses, ventured still deeper into the game, in the hope of recovering them; till, on one fatal throw, he madly staked all he possessed, and rose from the table ruined! From agony of feeling, he rushed out of the room, and hurried frantically along—he knew not whither; while Jackson coolly observed to his companions, "Poor Ned! I'm sorry he's ruined, faith; but if he chose to be a fool, it's not my fault; I must have money." The unhappy Edward for some time paced the floor of his chamber, whether chance had led him, almost pained by despair. The image of Caroline, which would once have been a solace under every affliction, now added to his anguish. She on whom all his earthly happiness rested, must now, he feared, by his own imprudence, become the wife of another; for, after what had occurred, he dared not hope for the consent of either Caroline or her parents, to their union. The thought almost mad, denied him, and snatching up a pistol, he resolved on putting an end to his wretched existence; then, struck with horror at the guilty thought, he threw it from him, and, after a short struggle with himself, took up a pen, and as well as the agitated state of his mind would permit, wrote an account of the whole affair to Caroline, and with feelings somewhat calmed by the consciousness of having, as far as was now in his power, atoned for his error, he retired to rest. It was on the next day, when the dusky shadow of evening had already begun to steal around, that Mr. Stanley, the father of Caroline, entered the apartment of the unhappy Edward. He was seated near a decaying fire—his face buried in his hands, apparently absorbed in thought, and unconscious of the entrance of any one; he raised his head and sighed heavily, but still observed nothing; the quivering flame cast a fitful glare over him, and discovered a countenance deeply marked with anguish. Suddenly he started from his seat, and struck his hand convulsively against his forehead; when, perceiving Mr. Stanley, a deep flush of shame crimsoned his features, and he stood silent and abashed before him. A tear glistened in the eye of the venerable philanthropist, as he said, "I have been from home since yesterday, and but a few moments have elapsed since I have been made acquainted with your late disaster; have you any thing to plead in your extenuation?" Edward could not speak. He then continued—"I pity you, young man, sincerely pity you! but you have reduced yourself to this condition by your own folly. I mean not to upbraid you; but it can not be a matter of surprise, that I should inform you, that my daughter shall never become the wife of a gambler." Edward staggered back a few paces, and leaning against the wall for support, uttered a heavy groan. Mr. Stanley approached him—"If you are sincerely penitent," said he, "I will place you in a situation where you may, by industry, recover the fortune you have, by your imprudence, lost." "Oh! sir," exclaimed Edward, "of what use can fortune be to me now? I have lost her who alone could render life or wealth desirable—but never, never will I gamble again!" "Will you form a fixed and determined resolution to that effect?" Edward made numerous protestations of his unwavering determination. "Then," said Mr. Stanley, affectionately, "it is in your power to regain, by persevering industry, and a steady adherence to your promise, what you have forfeited; and, at a future time, you may become possessed of the love and fortune of Caroline." Unable to speak, Edward pressed the hand of his benefactor to his lips, and bathed it with tears. "I see," said Mr. Stanley, while his own eye was dimmed with a tear, "I see you are grateful, and your candid epistle this morning proves you are not destitute of honour, and is indeed the cause of my present lenity." "I cannot speak my gratitude," said Edward, in faltering accents, "but from my heart I thank you!" Mr. Stanley soon after left the room. Edward, for a long time, could scarcely persuade himself that he was in a dream. However, in a few days he recovered his self-possession, and, with a lightened heart, applied himself to business, and by the steady observance of his resolution, evinced the shrewdness of his repartee. In about two years afterwards, he had the happiness of leading to the hymenal altar, the long loved Caroline.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

On leaving the work room, which the following extracts are made, I paused, and was led to reflect, how very different was the clothing of the spirit of the man who wrote it, from some who profess to be among the pillars of the church in the present day. There we see the patience, meekness, and gentleness of the real Christian; but here the turbulence, impatience, and intolerance of man in his unregenerate state, notwithstanding all his high profession—I have transcribed it, and wish you would give it a place in your paper, it may serve as a looking glass for those concerned. C.

"An aspiring spirit, a lofty, ruling spirit, which loves to be great, which loves to have dominion, which would exalt itself, &c. must be kept out from among the disciples and church of Christ. There must not be such a spirit, or loving to be great, or such a ruling among them, as is in the world. No; it is alone, the Spirit alone, the humble and lowly, the truth alone, the grace alone, must rule among them; and God forbid the authority and government thereof should be stooped in any. It can not be well with the church that it should be so, that God's Spirit should be grieved or quenched, or stopped in its holy way of governing and ordering the church of its own building.

That which would exalt itself because of the gifts it hath received, and would bring others into subjection; this spirit must be subdued among Christ's disciples, or it will ruin all. God alone, Christ alone, the Spirit alone, the truth alone, the soul alone, is to be exalted in the church; not flesh, nor self, nor the aspiring, lofty, ruling spirit.

The Lord gives grace and knowledge for another end, than for men to take upon them to be great, and rule over others because of it. Man, without grace and true knowledge, is high and exalted, and would be ruling over, and subjecting others; but true grace and knowledge brings man down, and keeps him low, even out of every desire of aspiring and ruling over others, in earnest breathings and endeavours that both the grace and spirit may teach and rule both over himself and others.

Because God hath given a man knowledge, he must not take upon him to rule over others with his knowledge. Christ did not rule over his disciples with his knowledge, nor require them to believe what he knew to be truth. Nor may any man at this day, though ever so full of God's holy Spirit and power, take upon him (above what his Lord and Master did) to rule over other men's consciences. If he do, he will put it out of the leading of life, and of God's holy Spirit; and so will wound and hurt his own life thereby; and so far as herein he prevails on others, he will hurt their life too."—*Issue Pewtington.*

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

To Atkinson & Alexander:

EXTREME FRUSTRATION.—In your paper of the 30th ult. "Amboy" publishes certain "observations upon some religious works," or rather reflections upon the Editor of them; and as "I have frequently noticed that men of warm tempers, and minds filled with fiery zeal," are apt to meddle with subjects that they do not understand and so expose their ignorance, I am not at all surprised at this Quotum.

If I were merely to advise him not to speak or write in future until he understands his subject, it might be sufficient for him; but for the sake of your numerous readers, I will observe, that "Amboy" appears to have mistaken the meaning of the term Author, as used in the preface by the Editor, to the work of Job Scott "on the knowledge of the Lord, the only true God." Hence he denounces "inconsistency" in the Editor, and is greatly troubled at his absurdity and want of fixed principles in professing "to believe in the propriety of renouncing all pecuniary considerations for religious services," and not taking "money for preaching because the gospel should be free,"—while he "writes his instructions of a religious character, or gets such writings from the hands of other people, puts them into the hands of a printer and secures the copy right, so that he may pocket the surplus proceeds."

As one of his premises is false, therefore, how ever good his reasoning, his conclusions are false of course.

The copy rights are secured for the benefit of the Author's children, and neither the Editor nor his parents are any more interested in the profits of the sale of Job Scott's writings, than "Amboy" himself.

"Amboy's" allusion to the Editor "getting such writings from the hands of other people," is also incorrect, and calculated to make erroneous impressions. The fact is, they were placed in my hands without solicitations, or applications for them, by Trustees, that the Author's views might be answered by their publication.—And having no views to emolument themselves, they stipulated that the profits (if any) arising from the sale, should be appropriated to the Author's children; and this provision in their favour, was made without their knowledge.

Another reason for securing the copy right, was, that it is intended to publish Job Scott's works entire, in two Vols. 8vo. of which all that have been printed are only parts. It would be improper therefore that because a few copies of some parts have been printed to supply a present demand, that they should therefore be liable to be put to press and perhaps mutilated by any Bookseller who might choose to reprint them.

Perhaps "Amboy" may now see how an author can "have the control of every copy of his writings that shall be printed,"—and he may be informed that authors sometimes exercise this control without any view to pecuniary emolument, that "men of warm tempers, and minds filled with fiery zeal about little matters," as they are generally of consequence very ignorant, may be prevented from meddling, if not to their own hurt, to the injury of the cause they may wish to advocate.

EMMOR KIMBER.

EUROPEAN AFFAIRS.

LATE FROM ENGLAND.

The fast sailing packet ship New York, Capt. Maxwell, has arrived at New York, from Liverpool, whence she sailed on the morning of the 2d of October.

The London Gazette states that the payment and allowances to the American loyalists will be resumed on the 13th of October.

The duty on foreign wool has been reduced 3d per lb. and in December there is to be a further reduction of 1d per lb.

The cotton trade of Belfast is rapidly increasing. In September a vessel bound to New-York, had upwards of 200,000 yards on board.

Major Garwright, died in England on the 23d of October, in the 84th year of his age.

At the Turkish capital some changes had been effected among the Ministers, and the General of the Janissaries had been dismissed in defiance of public opinion. He was a strict disciplinarian, and had consequently rendered himself extremely unpopular amongst the banditti, to the command of whom he had been appointed. It was supposed that the GRAND VIZIER himself would be obliged to yield to the popular clamour, for the SULTAN could not with safety resist any demand which the Barbarians required from him. The projected evacuation of Moldavia and Wallachia, joined to the want of success which had attended all his efforts, and it was generally believed, that so far from withdrawing any troops from the principalities, a considerable reinforcement would be ordered to proceed into these provinces.

On the 20th August a serious commotion broke out in Constantinople, which endangered the life of the Sultan for some time.

The letters from Smyrna state, that a large sum had been extorted by Bosphorus, but they do not state whether pay back of it had been paid.

The mail between Worcester and Sturbridge, (Mass.) was robbed of part of its contents on the evening of the 23d instant, supposed by a than calling himself Banks, the only passenger prepared for them on the road.

island of Samos. The plague was making dreadful ravages at Samos, and hundreds of the barbarians were daily falling sacrifices to its fury.—Mr. Tewitt, the Secretary to the British Embassy, had arrived in the Dardanelles from England.

The Liverpool Mercury of October 1st, gives an account of the death of Mr. Sadler, the *Eronaut*, who had ascended from Boston on the afternoon of the 29th September, and in the descent had been thrown from the car by coming in contact with a chimney, and fell to the ground from a considerable height, after hanging some time by a rope.—Liverpool was in great anxiety for his fate—and five letters are given, stating what was known of the accident. He was distinguished for his daring intrepidity, and was the only individual who, in a balloon, ever crossed the Irish Channel.

Letters from Alexandria communicate the important intelligence, that the Egyptian expedition had sailed against Greece from that port on the 17th of July. It is stated to consist of 10,000 in infantry, and 2,000 cavalry.

There are accounts from the Mores of an attack made by the Turks on the island of Samos, which ended in the almost entire destruction of the Turkish expedition, by fire ships, and by the sword.

ELECTION OF LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.—On Wednesday, 2d, John Garrett, Esq. Alderman and goldsmith, was, by a majority at Guildhall, declared Lord Mayor for the year ensuing.

A man of mean appearance lately made some purchases at a shop at Bath, to the amount of £16. 6d. in payment of which he tendered a sovereign.

The shopkeeper addressing his customer, said "I see you have got a stranger." "Yes," said the man, coolly pocketing his coin and deliberately walking out of the shop, leaving the goods that had been cut for him—"and before we part we shall be better acquainted."

Mary Turner, a child of six years of age, living at Stratford, Eng., swallowed a portion of half-smoked tobacco, which she took out of her mother's pipe, and in the evening was seized with a violent retching, which continued till next day, when she died. This was from the poisonous oil contained in the tobacco, which exude in smoking.

GOOD NEWS!—By the arrival at Baltimore, of the *Ch. Express*, from Jamaica, intelligence has been received of a brilliant victory obtained by the Patriots, under Bolivar, over the Royalists, commanded by Canterac. The latter lost more than a thousand cavalry. Lieut. Hunter of the frigate United States, capt. Hull, arrived at this port in the *Utility*, from Chagres, which vessel has brought home, the captain, mate, and one seaman having died at Chagres. Lieut. Hunter brings the official account, printed at Truxillo on the 27th August, of Bolivar's victory over the cavalry of Canterac. The *Utility* was himself at Truxillo after this event. On the 13th August, there was a public rejoicing for it: a splendid dinner and ball were given by the Prefect of the place, and the heads of our government toasted on the occasion. Judge Prentiss acted as vice president at the dinner.—Lieut. Hunter considers the Patriot cause as almost certain of entire success. Bolivar was extremely popular. Captain Hull was to sail on a cruise from Callao the day after the departure of the Lieut., who has brought despatches from him to our government. On board the frigate United States, every one was well. The *Congresso* brig, capt. Young, was lost in the harbor of Huacho, on the 1st August, whilst her commander had gone as the bearer of despatches to Bolivar.

The following extract of a letter, gives an account of Mr. Hayden's assassination in Mexico.

"The only news I have to communicate is that of an atrocious murder, committed on an American named Hayden, on the 29th of last month. Hayden was a boot and shoemaker, and was at work in his shop, with the door open, when the Host was carrying past.

In conformity with the custom and regulations of the place, Hayden knelt down, but a villain, armed with a sword, entered his shop and bade him to come out and kneel on the side walk. This other refused to comply with; the fellow instantly plunged the sword into his breast, so that he fell down dead on the floor. The assassin made his way through the crowd, and has not since been heard of. The deceased was interred without the city about three miles; most of the foreigners here assisted at his funeral. A mob, amounting to several hundred, had collected and kept on with the procession until we were nearly out of the city, when they commenced shouting and throwing stones, hitting several of the procession who were on horseback, and finally, it was found necessary to procure a guard of soldiers to prevent the mob from doing us any further injury.

Much correspondence has taken place between the British Consul and Mexican government on this occasion. The government has this day issued a proclamation, prohibiting any of its subjects from insulting or molesting any foreigner unless authorized by law, under a severe penalty. This proclamation, it is hoped, will give additional protection to foreigners; still, however, they feel much uneasiness, and will continue so to do until an example shall be made of some of the ruffians in this place.

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tailed in a frame that moves on slides, with a three feet stroke of the crank. The men are comfortably seated under an awning, sheltered from the sun and rain—the labor much lighter than rowing with a common oar, and the boats are propelled with a velocity sufficient to stem the most rapid current in the Missouri. The扁nials made N. Charles from St. Louis, (Missouri) in about two days, a distance that requires, at least four days by boats propelled in the ordinary mode. It is ascertained that these transports will make twenty miles per day, and thirty in cases of emergency.

The Huntville Bank was robbed of notes to the amount of between \$25,000 and \$29,000 dollars on the night of the 13th ult. A reward of \$2,000 is offered for the apprehension and conviction of the villain who committed the theft. The robbery was committed by knocking the Cashier down as he was passing from the banking room to that of the directors, with the bundle of notes. The door of the passage had been left unlocked, and as the cashier was going as above stated from one room to the other, with a candle in his hand, the passage door was forced open by the robber, who gave the cashier a severe blow, seized the money, and escaped.

CASHMERE SHAWLS.

The rich Cashmere Shawls are manufactured in the city of Cashmere, in the northern part of Hindostan, now subject to the Afghans. They are made of the wool or hair of a species of goat found in Tibet and Tartary, some of which have been introduced into France. A few years since, there were 16,000 looms and 48,000 persons in Cashmere employed in making shawls. A remarkable fine shawl occupies a loom and three persons more than a year; and of the best and most worked kinds, not so much as a quarter of an inch is completed in a day. For plain shawls a shuttle is used, but the variegated ones are worked with wooden needles, one for each colour, without shuttles. The rough side of the shawl is uppermost on the frame. The head workers receive about 20 cents per day, and the common workers from 3 to 10 cents.

The Ga-therians manufacture a great many shawls from the wool of a breed of sheep, which are found in the vale of Cashmere, and in Tibet and Boutan. This wool, it is said, surpasses every other in the world for its softness, whiteness and fineness; and some travellers assert that it is from 20 to 22 inches in length! Camel's hair is also used for shawls. Most of the Cashmere shawls, so called, that are imported into the United States, are manufactured in Europe.

The following remarks, made by a writer in a neighbouring city, would seem to apply with equal force to the fashions of our own:

The female dress of the present time, has attained the same degree of simplicity, that the ancients gave to their buildings, so many centuries ago—it will undergo, in the process of time, many changes, but to the eye of true taste, simplicity in dress, will always be admired.

To the French, we are indebted for most of these improvements—no nation can furnish better Artists in the various branches of female dress.

The entire adoption of the present fashions, has led the American Ladies into one great error—the light stuffs of which French shoes are made, are only suitable for a warm, dry climate, like that of France—but in the northern part of the U. S. States, where the extremes of heat and cold, wet and dry, subject all classes of people to inconvenience—a delicate woman should always be guarded against the serious injuries, which too frequently result from cold or damp feet. No material of which shoes are made, combines so much lightness, beauty and strength, and at the same time, security to the wearer as morocco—the manufacture of which has, in this country, arrived at a great degree of perfection—when well made it is soft, pliant, durable, and of a brilliant glossy black. The great increase of consumptive female patients, may safely be attributed to the extreme thinness of their shoes—the prevention is certain and easy—keep the feet warm and well guarded by substantial walking shoes. The season is now approaching, when such precautions are most requisite.

Green-Room Intelligence.

The attractions at the Circus, and the benefits, which have commenced, are increasing. We notice that Mrs. Williams, the intrepid Female Equestrian, has chosen this evening, to entertain her friends. It is expected she will be remembered by the public, who are indebted to her for many of their gratifications this season. The Cata

rac of the Ganges will be given next week.

The Liverpool Packetts are all unfit for the commercial service so great, that they will be speedily withdrawn, sailed from this port, sailing and arriving here, leaving the loss of many days later than packet direct.

The Park theatre, New York, the American Drama of the Pilot, or a Tale of the Sea, underwent a third representation on Wednesday eve, when the proceeds of the house were appropriated to the benefit of the author. The comedy of the Young Quaker, or Fair American, on Thursday eve. A disposition to encourage and incite native genius to exertion will always receive the cordial approbation of every patriotic and liberal mind, and we hope it will be found in future, to the interest of managers generally to study national feeling and sentiment more in their selections for the stage.

A Chatham Garden, the opera of the Devil's Bridge, and the farce of Killing no Murder were the performances on Wednesday eve. Mr. Keene personated Count Belino in the former. The new drama of Restoration, or the Diamond Cross, the production of J. A. Stone, Comedian, and one of the members of the corps engaged at this house, was brought out by him, on Thursday night, with many scenic embellishments, as a benefit piece; and from the manner in which it is spoken of by competent critics, we think this native production will obtain a standing with the popular dramas of the day. The entertainments of the evening concluded with the popular opera of Brother and Sister, in which Mr. Keene performed Don Syro.

The admirer Miss K. has been, the previous week, performing at the Boston theatre. On Monday evening she appeared as Donna Violante, in the Wunder, or a Woman keeps a Secret, and as Boon in the Ringers. This lady is a valuable auxiliary to any dramatic corps.

The popular exhibition of Huddock's Androcles, are at present attracting public attention in Boston city, where they have been for some time past.

At Baltimore, on Monday night, Mrs. Duff took a benefit, on which occasion she selected the interesting tragedy of Isabella, and Catherine and Petruchio, from Shakespeare's Taming of the Shrew—both of which Mrs. D. appeared—On Tuesday, the Spy, or a Tale of the Neutral Ground, was performed for the only time during the season, with the farce of the Lady and the Devil—Diamond's dramatic version of Lord Byron's celebrated poem of the Bride of Abydos or the Pirate of the Isles, was produced on Wednesday night, with unusual splendor. Tom & Jerry has been repeated again and again with great success.

Mrs. Phillips has taken the Washington Theatre, and is to commence on the 29th inst. with a very attractive theatrical corps, among whom will be Mr. and Mrs. Duff, and Mr. and Mrs. Williams, formerly of the Philadelphia boards.

At the grand musical festival, at Norwichtown, the sum of £7000 was received, and £400 disbursed. Miss Stevens, Miss Carew, Mr. Billamy, Mr. Vaughan, Mrs. Salmon, &c. &c. were the vocal performers.

It is reported in the London papers, that Mr. Kemble has engaged the celebrated tragedian,

Talma. This report may be premature, as it is not likely that his accession to the English stage at this time would be any considerable advantage.

Mr. Keene, of the critical anti-slavery, appears to be winning in the public estimation. By the last accounts from England, he was performing his principal character, in the most negro houses, in Limerick, Ireland. It seems he had agreed with the manager of the Theatre, in that city, to perform for two weeks, at the rate of forty pounds sterling a night, but such was the miserable patronage he experienced, that he had to throw up his engagement, to prevent the bankruptcy of the poor manager.

On any occasion, he had not more than about three hundred in the house, and before the termination of the first week, the boxes presented nothing but a prospect of emptiness.

In a late number of Blackwood's Magazine, some complaint is made of the tenderness and timeliness of which Mr. Mathews has characterized, or rather caricatured, the Americans.—

"They want spirit," says the writer, "but perhaps that is not wholly unaccountable, since it is believed that he intends to settle in the United States."

Evening Post.

PHILADELPHIA.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1824.

To READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We have copied into our first page an article, in which will be recognized the masterly composition of an esteemed friend, who has often contributed to heighten the interest of our poetical department, by the rich effusions of his vigorous fancy. "Monadnock" is the article referred to, and we earnestly recommend its perusal to those of our readers, who delight to worship at the shrine of poetical taste and feeling; its merits, in our opinion, being such that it could not suffer on a comparison with any minor production, of the present race of British Poets.

"Moses" we are pleased with; but expect that, in future, he will bridge the length of his articles. "Francis" in our next.

In looking over an old file of communications, we chanced to meet with "Zarah and Ismael," from the pen of our friend "Schim," which shall appear in a future number.

We were among the number who attended at Carpenter's Hall, on Thursday evening, at the delivery of the Anniversary Oration, before the Philadelphia Forum, an association composed principally of Students at Law. To enter minutely into the merits of a public production of this nature, or to dwell on the abilities shown by the speaker in delineating the different features of his subject, is no ordinary task, but it would be a grateful one for us to perform, were we capable of doing justice to it, or to our own feelings, or those of the auditory, which were so warmly excited by the judicious and eloquent appeal made in the course of this oratorical display; it went directly to the heart and the understanding, and drew forth the plaudits of the gentlemen, and of an admiring and admired galaxy of beauty and fashion, who with well-merited encomiums testified their approbation of the rising eloquence of our young countrymen.—The room in which the company met, though spacious and suitable in other respects, was not large enough to accommodate all who had assembled.

The first instrumental Practising of the Musical Fund Society in their New Hall, took place on Thursday evening, the 4th inst. The building is not yet completed, but shortly will be. The room in which the Society hold their practising is well adapted for all the purposes for which it was designed, and we are happy to learn meets the wishes and expectations of the members generally.

HEMP.—We feel assured, that any person who would furnish us, for the use of the public, with a short treatise on the manner of raising and preparing Hemp for the market would confer an obligation on the farming interest, and with it, on every other interest of our country, by enabling the farmer to realize, many fold, the amount received at present for his exertions. And whatever enhances the value of agricultural products, increases that of other productions, by giving circulation to a larger amount of specie or its equivalent value.

The paper Manufactory of Mr. Thomas Amies of Philadelphia, produces a paper of a quality so firm and adhesive that it resists the excessive humidity and dampness of the East India climate.—Several reams have been sent to Canton, and a larger supply of that article from the above manufactory has been demanded. Read this intelligence, Americans—our countrymen begin to supply the populous regions of India with American fabrics already!—This is an avant courrier of more important intelligence—there is splendor in prospect.

Our city, yesterday morning, was visited with copious showers of rain, occasionally interspersed with hail of an uncommon size. What makes this circumstance remarkable, was the repeated and vivid flashes of lightning and heavy thunder that succeeded each other at intervals, and which bore a resemblance to the gusts which frequently break over us during the warm summer months. So dense were the clouds which darkened the sky, a part of the time, it would have been very convenient for us to have lit candles, in our office, notwithstanding it is surrounded by windows on every side.

The case of Nancy James, a coloured woman, who has been tried and convicted at an inferior court in this city, as a common scold, and sentenced to be publicly ducked, has been removed by writ of error to the Supreme Court, where it will receive adjudication as to its constitutionality, before it can be carried into effect. This novel proceeding has caused much interest, it being upwards of forty years since a trial of the kind has been repeated again and again with effect.

An appeal is made to the public on behalf of the Northern Dispensary Institution. Its funds, (except such part of them as are vested in stock bearing an interest,) are nearly exhausted. In this extremity a number of patients are under its care and daily increasing, for, although the prevalence of health in the city is apparent, yet, in its vicinity among the labouring classes, who are necessarily exposed early and late in their vocations, Fever and Ague, and disorders of various kinds are numerous.

The number who have partaken of its benefits the present year, including those now under the care of their six physicians, is 1060. From this view of the subject, some additional increase of its fund is solicited from such of our citizens as are disposed to give small donations so that relief may still be extended to such as properly bearing objects of charity. Donations will be thankfully received, duly acknowledged and properly applied, by the Managers, or at the Dispensary, No. 53 North Front-street.

SENTENCE FOR MURDER.

Abraham Buys, one of the men indicted for the murder of Mr. Bonnell, at Chester, has been acquitted. The trial of the remaining prisoner, Laube, is postponed. On Saturday morning last, about 10 o'clock, Judge Darlington, pronounced the following sentence of death upon Michael Monroe, otherwise called James Wellington.

"You have been convicted of the crime of Murder in the first degree, for which the punishment prescribed by law is death. Have you any thing to say, why sentence of death should not now be passed upon you?" [Here the prisoner remarked that if he was hung he died an innocent man.]—You have been indicted for one of the highest crimes that can be committed against society, for wickedly murdering, a peaceable, unoffending citizen, under circumstances of atrocity and cruelty rarely paralleled, and that too in the perpetration of a daring and felonious outrage upon his habitation and property—an upright and impartial Jury have patiently listened to all the evidence for and against you, and you have had all the assistance that the industry, talents and perseverance of able counsel could afford you;—with all these advantages,—also your guilt has been but too apparent, and all the circumstances let me assure you that all hopes of pardon from the Executive will be mischievous and illusory, and only tend to abstract your mind from the great work of preparation for your awful change. You have but a short time to live, and a great work to accomplish, even to seek it possible a reconciliation with an offended God. Let me exhort you to avail yourself of every aid which it may please the Almighty in his infinite mercy to afford you, to become awakened to the awfulness of your situation, acquainted with the sinfulness of your heart, and the enormity of your crimes.—Let your soul be poured out in prayer to him, that you may experience that sincere and heartfelt repentance, on which to ground hope that through the merits of a blessed Saviour, the doors of mercy may yet be opened to you. The Sentence which the law prescribes for murder in the first degree, and which the court do now award and adjudge is, that you be taken from hence to the Gaol of the County of Delaware, from whence you came, and from thence to the place of Execution, and there to be hanged by the neck until you are dead.—And may God of his infinite goodness, have mercy on your Soul."

On Monday last, John Montgomery was unanimously chosen mayor of the city of Baltimore, for the ensuing two years.

Mr. Rivadavia, the retired chief magistrate of Buenos Ayres, is now in London.

OBITUARY.

Miss ELIZA, Daughter of Mr. Henry A. Beck, aged 29 years and four days. The deceased had endured a painful and protracted illness, for fifteen months, previous to her exit; during the whole of her indisposition she manifested a degree of patience and cheerfulness, seldom witnessed among those who have been equally afflicted. Notwithstanding she had much to endure her to life, yet for a considerable length of time before her death, she seemed perfectly resigned to the ailments of Heaven; and while she dreaded the pangs of the expiring moment, to use her own expression, she entertained "no fears of being dead!" In the removal of this truly amiable young woman, the relatives have sustained an irreparable loss—society a member whose examples were highly salutary, and Christianity, one of its brightest ornaments. The deceased had been for years, a firm believer in the doctrine of the ultimate holiness, and happiness of the whole family of mankind; she continued unwavering in this belief until the last, confidently relying on the goodness of her divine Creator, for the salvation of her soul; evincing thereby an important truth, viz. that the same doctrine, which is good to live by, is likewise equally good in the hour of death. The cares and pains of earth and time are now no longer hers; but she has gone to that abode of which the patriarch Job, speaks: "There the wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary be at rest."

Philadelphia, Nov. 4th, 1824. W. M.

CIRCUS.

PERFORMANCE EVERY EVENING.

THIS EVENING, NO. 6.

Will be for the Benefit of Mrs. WILLIAMS, the Intrepid Female Equestrian.

The performance to commence with a NEW GRAND ENTRÉE.

LA WIRRE, by Mrs. Williams, who will go through her astonishing performances with Hoops, Flags, Oranges, &c.

For the first time this season, the grand Horse Pyramids, or Animated Architecture.

A Broadsword Horseride, by Mrs. Williams: followed by a dance in Wooden Shoes, by Mr. Williams, in character of Clown.

HORSEMANSHIP, by Master Sweet.

HORSES AND RIDERS, by Mrs. Williams, who will go through the latter, never attempted by any other female.

STILL VAULTING.

To conclude with the Grand Equine Melo Drama of F. L. HYDER; or, Love and Bravery.

Doors open at a quarter past six o'clock, and performance to commence at a quarter past seven.

GROS D'ETTE ROBES.

THE SUBSCRIBER.

Has just received an assortment of Shaded, Brown,

Pearl, Lead, Eawn, Yellow, Blue, and Black,

White and Green Double Crepe, a new and elegant article for LADIES' COATS and DRESSES. Also recently received, via New-York and from Auction, a complete assortment of

FRENCH SILKS,

AMONG WHICH ARE:

Double Chained Black and plain coloured Levantines.

Plain Ombré'd Gros de Naples.

Figured Shaded Gros d' tress.

Black and Coloured Double Crepes.

Plain Coloured Gros de Naples.

One and Irish Silks.

Plain, White, Green, Naples and Florence.

White and Coloured Satins and Mantua Ribbons.

Laceings and Suzette assortments.

Fancy Shaded Grd de Naples, &c.

Cashmere, Crapes, Linen, and Millingine Drivo.

Blue, White, Meringue Shawls, with narrow Satin Borders.

Blue, white and green striped Batistes.

Men's and Women's Blue and White Silk Hose.

Silk, York Fan, Beaver and Kid Gloves.

Canton and Norwich Crapes and Bombazines.

Fring and Bandana Handkerchiefs.

White Crapes, Linen and Box Crapes, Gimpas, Frogs, Tassels, Buttons, &c.

ALSO,

Cloths and Cassimeres, Pelisse Cloths.

Worsted Bonnets, Circassian and Caroline Plaids.

Coloured and Black Figured and plain Bomberets.

White, Red, Yellow and Green Plaistess.

Red and Green, Barzes, Irish Linens.

Long Linens, Linen Cambic Holes.

Book, Mill and Jersey Muslin and Holfas.

Short Linens, Blankets, of a superior quality, &c.

Also, a complete assortment of fine DR



Vanity's the very spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

FOR THE BLIND.

THE ENCONCOLOATE LOVER.
Thus sadly Edward mourn'd his fate:
Oh! Shamy, cruel, heartless man!
There's none so such hope that sprang elate,
And left me cheerless, lone, betray'd—

The vision of thy art;

The vision of thy heavenly smiles;
The vision of those open eyes,
Thus turned around my heart!
I would have died for thee,
For thou wert all in all to me.
Not one so hardy death-storm blow—
Fear shuns down—wind ships o'er throw—
Death steeps tow'ring tall!
Let waves of unpaid engorgo assail—
Shameful sheriff's writs as thick as hail,
But I can bear ye all!

I love the world; and all that's in it;
And, don't me, but this very minute,
I'd quit the earned half!

This plot, there, shall stop my life,

These end my mortal day!!

But stay;

Before I go, and whilst I'm able,
I'll read that note upon my table,

Which I had never forgot.

What's this!—(seans)—"tis not so bad;
My guardian sent all that she had,

And she's not worth a great!"

[The Devil!]—"for fear that you should cut
your throat,

Enclosed, I send the wished-for note,

To pay that scoundrel's bill;

A hundred more I've got to spare;
Meet me to-night, at—you know where.

Tours, ever truly WILL."

Not worth a great! loud Edward cried;

Charley, you're welcome to your bride.

Highest best to be forsaken!

In future, I will take none heed,

And no ought all young men, indeed;

These things may be mistaken!"

JEREMY.

The Bull related by Sir John Carr, in his Travels through Ireland, of the Irish hangman, who upon taking a criminal (about to be executed) for the customary bequest, and receiving it, exclaimed, "Long life to your Honor," at the same moment he drew the bolt, which impaled the unfortunate man into eternity—has found its fall in a recent instance at Antwerp. A criminal there, when condemned to be broken on the wheel, is permitted to have anything he may require for his sustenance, previous to his execution. A person deservedly condemned to this punishment for a murder he had committed, demanded a glass of beer, he obtained it, and was observed blowing off the teeth which surmounted its top. Upon being asked his reason for doing so, he exclaimed "Om dat het zeer ongaennd is" (Angelic). "Because it was very wholesome." The criminal was executed in a few minutes afterwards.

The Passage.—A malefactor in Newgate prison, was lately surprised, as he was searching in the bible very attentively, by his visitor, a Methodist preacher—"I am searching," said the felon, turning over the leaves, "for a passage which I cannot find." "Give it me," (said the preacher,) "I can find any passage." "Can you so, (replied the criminal,) why then I wish you would find me a passage out of this prison?"

King Charles II.—was reputed a great connoisseur in naval architecture. Being once at Chatham, to view a ship just finished on the stocks, he asked the famous Kaliugree, if he did not think he should make an excellent shipwright? Who pleasantly replied, He always thought his majesty would have done better at any trade than his own. No favorable compliment, but as true a one, perhaps, as ever was paid.

Dr. Sharp, of Hart Hall, had a ridiculous manner of prefacing every thing he said with the words, *I say*. An under graduate having, as the doctor was informed, mimicked him in his peculiarity, he sent for him to give him a jobation which he has begun; "I say—they say—you say I say—I say"—when, finding the ridiculous combination in which his speech was involved, he concluded by bidding the young satirist be gone to his room.

The following advertisement appeared in a late English paper:

Mrs. Maggins—On the 1st of July will be published, price one shilling, *the John Bull Magazine*, to be edited by a committee of plain people, who drink ale after their cheese, and would ask twice for soup if they wanted it. Prospectivees being decidedly humbug, none shall be given, the only information required is, that John Anderson, 40, West Smithfield, will publish it, and an decent bookwills in town and country will sell it if they are asked.



FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

INDIAN CORN.—When your corn is fully ripe let it be husked, and if the ground be not too muddy, throw it in heap, to dry; after a week or ten days, it may be separated, the good from the bad, and hauled in and put into a crib, without fear of mould. See that it be entirely divested of husks and silk, which induce mice and rats to harbour in the crib, from which they are not easily dislodged. Come from the field, of that kind of corn which you wish to propagate, those ears which are freest from moisture, and lay them up carefully for seed. Remember that the length and number of ears depends more upon the quality of the land than upon the seed, and nothing is gained by saving seed from stalks which produce the most ears. White corn should be rejected by all who prefer reality to appearance; being composed of less oil and sugar (of course less nutritious) than yellow corn. All breites show a decided preference for, and thrive much better when fed on yellow, than on white corn. Now is the time to make the experiment.

As soon as you have husked, if you have not previously tanned your ears, (which is a great acquisition to your stock of fodder, and an article of the first importance for horses and sheep, and particularly for colts, as well as a great saving of fodder,) cut your stalks, handle them in the middle of the day, and put them up dry; they will then keep sweet, and free from mould and acid, and will be eaten with avidity by the cattle. But, by cutting and putting them up wet, they become mouldy, sour, and acid, and unfit for fodder which has given rise to the absurd custom among farmers of permitting their cattle to stand until they are weather-beaten, and most of the leaves blown away, and every noxious prickle has vanished, until in fact they are good for nothing, except for seed.

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PUBLIC SALES AT AUCTION.

No. 93 Market street, a few doors above Second.
On Wednesday and Saturday evenings, at nine o'clock, present a large and valuable assortment of Fresh Imported DRY Goods, in lots to suit purchasers.

Also a general assortment of DOMESTIC GOODS.

COMLY & TEVIS, Auctioneers.

TOOTH-AACHE.

Com Instantaneous and without Pain, even where all the known applications have failed to afford relief.

S. MILFORD, Dentist, from London.

REVIVES those who may be disposed to try his remedy. A that will make a perfect cure, and enable the patient to chew with the teeth that were affected, even though the complaint had been aggravated by bad treatment. In less than forty-eight hours after the pain is cured. Mr. M. has a full and attentive attendance. His practice is the most eminent. Black and yellow teeth cleaned and brought to their original colour, and prevented from decaying, if it has commenced. He also separates and makes the teeth even, and takes away the decayed parts. Artificial Teeth neatly made and Bumps and Extracted.

MILFORD'S TOOTH POWDER. This highly approved and valuable Powder, is excellently suited to use; it not only cures the Tooth an elegant polish but preserves and hardens the gum.—Price 12 cents.

MILFORD'S ARGININE DROPS, for the cure of Tooth Ache.—Price 20 cents. LOTIONS, for the cure of Scrofulous Gums, and to fasten the teeth, and restore the flesh with force.—Price 20 cents. These medicines are warranted effectual, and at the same instant. Apply at No. 155 South Fifth street, May 20—*tf*.

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